THE RIVER

In India, to honor guests on special occasions, women decorate the floors of their homes with rice flour and water. With this Rangoli we welcome you to this motion picture... filmed entirely in India... in Bengal, where the story really happened.

It is the story of my first love—about growing up on the banks of a wide river. It might have been a river in America, England, New Zealand or Timbuctoo—though they do not of course have rivers in Timbuctoo. But the flavor of my story would have been different in each. And the flavor of the people who lived by the river would have been different.

9/2/2010 25.00

Kenneth McEldowney

presents

NORA SWINBURNE
ESMOND KNIGHT
ARTHUR SHIELDS
SUPROVA MUKERJEE
THOMAS E. BREEN

and Introduces

PATRICIA WALTERS
RADHA
ADRIENNE CORRI

in

Jean Renoir's
Production of

THE RIVER

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced by
KENNETH McELDOWNEY

Directed by
JEAN RENOIR

Based on a novel by RUMER GODDEN

Screenplay by RUMER GODDEN and JEAN RENOIR

Released through
UNITED ARTISTS

A PRESENTATION OF

THE THEATRE GUILD

India

To the people and the Government of the Republic of India, without whose help this picture would not have been possible, we express our deep appreciation.

This dedication comes from the heart of all of us who traveled to India to be a part of bringing "The River" to the screen. For most of us it was our first trip to this continent on the other side of the world. What we expected might be described as a vague mixture of the splendor of magnificent palaces, the mysticism of the Far East, ancient rites and strange customs, streets crowded with beggars, and perhaps, small boys climbing ropes to disappear into thin air.

All these we expected—and found—but we also found something much more important. We found a people whom we grew to respect and love—both as a nation and as individuals. People like us in their every day problems, emotions and capabilities. We found a nation rich in a tradition whose strength cannot be ignored. We felt small beside its power. Ice boxes, and automobiles and atomic energy no longer had the same importance to us.

Working, as we did, side by side with a cross section of the people of India—Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Parsis—and within these groups of different races, those of different caste, high and low—we grew to know them. We discovered that because a woman wears a sari and dedicates her life according to custom to her home and husband, she is not so "strange." We came to realize that because a man wears a dhoti he does not regard the world's problems, or the problems of his own business, with any more perception or any more ignorance than a man who wears a tailored suit. Education is relative; emotions are not.

That was why we were in India, but we only found this out after we were there. Rumer Godden, author of the novel "The River", grew up in India and she already knew these things. She also knew that no one can ignore his surroundings—and especially surroundings as potent as India. Filmed in the real life set-

ting of the novel—West Bengal, along the banks of the Hooghly River, one of the mouths of the Ganges—"The River" achieves aspects which could never have been realized elsewhere. The country itself, the people who live there, and the influences of the Indian heritage could not help but make themselves felt in the film.

The setting serves as a colorful and exciting inspiration for the story of first love, to give "The River" its unique quality.

Directed by Jean Renoir, famous for such outstanding pictures as "The Southerner", "Grand Illusion" and "The Human Beast", and produced by Kenneth McEldowney, who first conceived the idea of making a Technicolor picture entirely in India which would have universal appeal, "The River" is the result of three years' work and a courageous undertaking from both the practical production side and its overall artistic and emotional concept.

"The River" tells its story with moods and emotions which can be felt and understood by every person who sees it. Through an American boy, an Indian girl, two English girls, and the other characters around them, every one who has ever been a child, who has ever been in love, who has ever had children, who has ever experienced jealousy, tragedy, laughter, and the richness of living will re-experience these again with "The River". That is our only "message".

The story is told against the background of an Indian village which will give a new insight into the richness of this way of life.

There is the Diwali Festival, when millions of lights burn all over India in celebration of the victory in a great war—the old eternal war between good and evil. For each life given in this war a light is lit, and the people honor those who died for good by cleansing their minds, their hearts, their homes and their businesses to begin again a new year dedicated to the best in human relations.

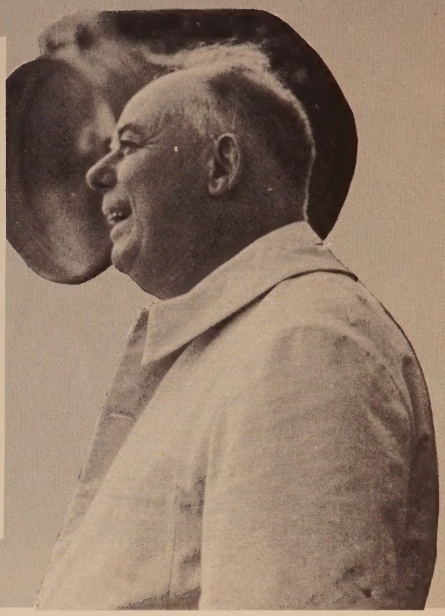
There are also in "The River" glimpses of the jute industry—"Bengal's Gold", one of the principal exports of India—without which you might not find string and doormats and burlap so cheap and handy in your markets.

There is the "Holi Day" festival, when Hindus celebrate the arrival of spring and and its awakening of life, by throwing colored powder on each other—symbolic of the temptation of man and the fertility of life. After the red powders are thrown on every person, they go to the river to cleanse themselves and thus start the new season clean in body and mind.

There are the scenes on the river itself—since Hindus believe that God is everywhere, that He is within each man himself as well as other evidences of His creation, it is only natural to worship a tree, a stone, a river. They all declare the presence of the One Supreme. "I wanted to tell Capt. John more and more about the river. About how people depend on the river, spiritually as well as physically, about the people who live in little huts made of mountains of rice straw . . . about the endless humble daily chores . . . about fishermen leaving for the south, down to the Sanderbands, and about men washing their clothes . . ." To all Hindus water is an important part of their lives—not only because they wash in it and drink it, but because it is a manifestation of the powers of God.

During our stay in India we felt the force of Indian tradition and religion—and we feel ourselves richer for the experience—but we also felt, and this was more important, the universality of man. We hope that you, too, will feel a little of this in "The River."

SOMETHING IMPORTANT HAPPENED TO ME



by JEAN RENOIR

As Captain John says in "The River": "With everything that happens to you, with everyone you meet who is important to you—you either die a little, or are born."

Something very important happened to me, as well as to many other millions of persons, and that was the Second World War, which sent me to America where I met persons who were important to me, and where I felt as if I had been born again.

At that time, the idea of Hollywood producers was to make me do again the same type of pictures I had done in Europe. I was very flattered to know that they liked those pictures but, being a new person and being anxious to express sincerely in my work what I am, there was a complete misunderstanding.

Another trouble was that I had to find a new style which would fit with the new person I had become and with the new life I had found. The day I read Rumer Godden's novel, "The River", I knew I had found it. It wasn't a simple project. I had first to accept Miss Godden's unconscious rule, which is to be a conscious part of the world. To be a part of the world is the basis of Hindu thinking. To be conscious is a characteristic of English art, and that is why India and England can lay claim to Miss Godden.

But when you are conscious, you want to be useful, and the way to be useful to a world which changes every day and whose requirements are constantly changing, is the question. The great power of influencing the world is not only the privilege of an artist, a General or a philosopher. A cook, a street cleaner, or a beggar has the same power. Also a film director.

Before the war my way to participate in this universal concert was to try to add a voice of protest. I don't believe that my criticism was ever bitter. I love men too much and I hope that my sarcasm was always mixed with a little tenderness.

Today the new person I am feels that there is no more time for sarcasm and that the only thing I can bring to this illogical, irresponsible, cruel world is my love.

Of course in my attitude there is the selfish hope that I will be paid in return. I am as bad as others and I need the same smiling indulgence they do.

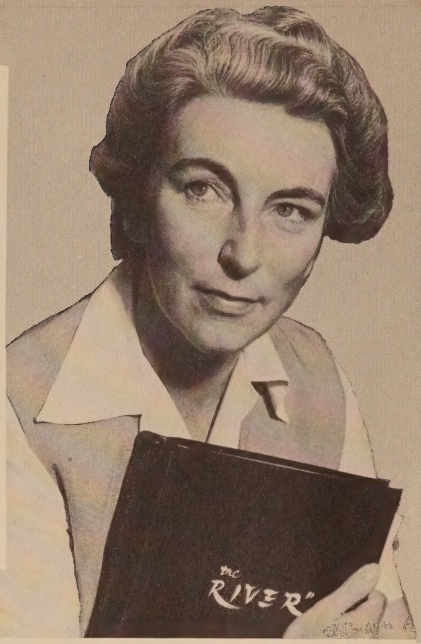
Rumer Godden's book is an act of love toward childhood. It is also an act of love toward India, but I discovered this only later after Ken McEldowney took me to India. Before this trip I had thought that, as our prologue says, the story of a first love could be told as well in Timbuctoo. A few weeks in India brought me back to the basic truth that men do not live in a vacuum, that their surroundings also exist.

Without India this meeting of little Harriet with life would have been quite different.

Rumer Godden and myself had the good fortune to have a producer who knew that the rewriting on the spot could bring fruitful results. One of those results is that slowly this extraordinary surrounding grew in our minds and became a new character in the story—probably the most important one.

Our drama now is essentially based on the classical triangle situation, with as protagonists Harriet, the Stranger, and India. Around them we show important complementary elements—other girls, a cousin philosopher, a nice English family, a cobra, a tree, a river and, we hope, a little bit of our great devotion for India.

AS WITH A GOOD CARPET



by RUMER GODDEN

Two of my books had been made into films before 'The River': the films were beautiful but very far away from the meaning, atmosphere and feeling of the books. I had had no part in those films and they made me realize clearly that the only way in which a book can be successfully translated onto the screen is for the author and the film company to work together.

There are several things against this; for the author it means months of work going over a story that is old to him instead of writing one that is new; it means the learning of a new technique and putting aside what little skill he has in his own; it means working in an atmosphere and publicity that is probably difficult to him (authors at work are usually solitary bearish creatures). For the film company, the producer and director the situation must be worse; the author of a book has strong feelings about it and does not appreciate the wider public the cinema will reach, nor such necessities as box-office receipts—censors; authors are conceited stiff-necked creatures and the director and producer have usually only one idea and that is to keep them off the set.

I had put aside all idea of having another book filmed when Renoir said that he wanted *me* to work with him on 'The River' and told me that Mr. McEldowney was a producer who would not only let us alone to do as we wanted but would pay for it!

The story of 'The River' is altered from the book. Of course. Renoir believed—or I believed—or we both believed that, for this film, the idea of the book, its flavour should be taken, the actual book put back on the shelf and forgotten and the idea, the flavour recreated in terms of the screen. That is what we tried to do with 'The River'.

The flavour of the book was India and Indian is the flavour of the film—it could not be made anywhere else; in India rivers are sacred; the idea of the book was the river, the river of life, of time that brings all things and takes all things away and here in the film you see its life: countless details, richness, poorness, relentlessness, beauty.

The Hindu religion has many gods, big ones and tiny ones, from the terrifying black goddess with her red tongue and necklace of skulls to a homely little flowering tree planted in a pot—but they are all aspects of the one god, the eternal god of the river. Our story of 'The River' is told from a little aspect, the eyes and mind of a child, a girl child who is following the river that will take her inevitably to womanhood. The story is told in simple happenings, some are ordinary and some extraordinary but, as far is I know, there is in them nothing that is false or untrue. There was no music written for the film; it sounds are of real things, fisher songs, temple music, snatches of the piano that might have been played in my house when I was a child, the sounds of birds, drums, bullock-cart wheels, the wind in the trees.

Renoir had the wisdom to use simple things; he knows the eternal paradox that the small things hold the vastest implications and, in India, for India, he has an inner ear and eye, an instinct born of love and sympathy. He has made this picture as a carpet is woven; he saw the brilliant all-over design but he made that design of tiny patient stitches, infinitely intricate, but each of its true colour and firmly knotted.

I hope this picture of 'The River' will linger on the eye and be printed on the memory; as with a good carpet no matter how often you look at it there will be always more to see.

THE STORY OF The River

This is the story of a way of life, as it is lived in Bengal, India, along the banks of the Ganges River—of growing up and discovering life—of first love and tragedy—of the currents and flow of life as reflected in the river.

Along the banks of the river lives an English family—the father, is foreman of a jute press, the mother, a gracious woman devoted to her family of six children, all girls except for Bogey. The eldest is Harriet, who is 14, "running away from childhood—rushing towards love,"—who wants to be a writer when she grows up.

She has two close friends—one Valerie, 18, whose father owns the jute press. She is an only child and a girl whose destiny is determined because she herself knows exactly what she wants from life. Harriet's other friend is Melanie, who is the daughter of a neighbor Mr. John, a man who has lived most of his life in India and married an Indian woman. He is a man at peace with the world but he realizes that because he has given his daughter a mixed heritage she has yet to find her place.

Into this setting comes a stranger—Captain John, a young man from America who has lost a leg in the war. He comes to visit his cousin, Mr. John, not caring much where he goes, just drifting because he has not been able to regain his faith and purpose in life.

All three girls fall irresistibly in love with the handsome young Captain, and each in her way brings something of new concepts to him—as does India itself and the revelation of the meaning of its unchanging traditions. To the girls the Captain brings first love and the inevitable clash between reality and dreams.

During the time of Captain John's visit, death, jealousy, faith, sadness, happiness and love enter the lives of all of these people. Each of the three girls becomes a little more of a woman, and the young Captain finds that "with everything that happens to you—with everyone you meet who is important to you—you die a little bit, or, are born."

THE *DANCE*

Bharata Natyam, which is performed by Radha for the first time before the Technicolor cameras in "The River", is a pure Indian classical dance. It is one of the oldest known dance forms and was performed in bygone centuries exclusively by Temple girls who dedicated their lives completely to one God or Goddess.

It is as much a ritual as it is a dance. The gestures, rhythms and postures used in the Indian dance and mime have fixed symbolic values which blend harmoniously one into the other to tell a story. The hands alone employ a whole vocabulary of signs (mudras) capable of expressing or evoking the most imaginative tales. The purpose of the dance at all times is to stir the emotions and to reveal satyam, shivam, sunderam—the true, the beautiful and the good.

It is a language of gestures, with the eyes and the face and the hands, as well as the entire body, capable of expressing any experience or emotion. Originally every song and dance was in praise of some God, but today they express many other moods and emotions. There are nine general basic "moods" the most prominent of which is "Singara", the erotic mood. Thus a dance song which is in praise of a God, may also be predominantly a love song.

At least five years of vigorous training is required before a girl even masters the basic fundamentals of this highly complicated dance form. Radha's teacher was Sri Chekkalingam Pillai, a traditional dance teacher from Tanjore, who taught in Kalakshetra, the institution founded by Shrimati Rukmini Devi in Madras. Shrimati Devi, who is Radha's aunt, was the first Hindu woman of Brahman caste to accept a career in dancing. She explains the significance of this dance form thus:

"Bharata Natyam simultaneously educates and disciplines the physical body by exercising all its members and calling out its vital energies in its rhythmical breathing; the mental faculties from memory to intelligence in understanding and carrying out the pattern and order of the many movements that make up the rhythmic vocabulary of the dance; the emotions in expressing those of the imagined characters of the dance story and conveying them to others, also the aesthetical happiness in creating an expression of beauty to which each dancer is an essential contributor; the aspirational impulse, the feeling out towards a larger and loftier life than that of the senses and circumstances."

THE *MUSIC*

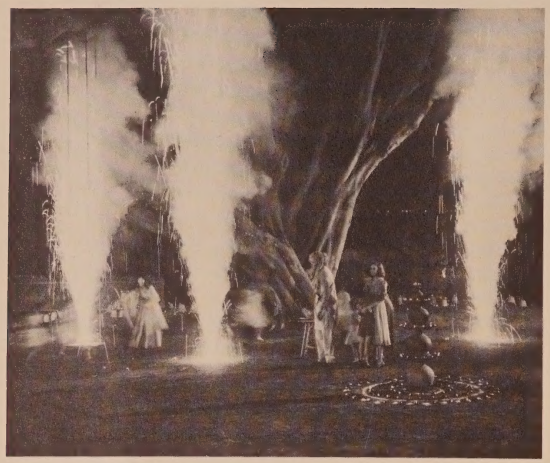
Of the many subtle elements which blend together to make "The River" an unforgettable experience in the theater, the musical background is of special interest. The picture does not have a conventional "score" as do most motion pictures, but instead utilizes only natural sounds and music indigenous to the setting of the story, and these have been used so skillfully as to add much to the reality of the screen drama.

All of the music was recorded in India—with few exceptions, such as the snatches of piano heard coming from the home of the English family—by several different groups of Indian musicians. It is representative of both south and north Indian classical music. One group of musicians, headed by K. N. Dandayuhapani, who composed the words and music for Radha's dance, was flown from Madras to Calcutta for this recording.

Indian music, with its wide range of tone modulations, is little known outside of Asia. Purely melodic, this music is based on natural intervals, each octave being normally divided into twenty-two unequal intervals. A certain number of specially chosen intervals form a melodic phrase or raga, of about seven notes. Each melodic phrase corresponds to a particular emotional mood or impulse, or to a certain time or season. There are seven ragas for the morning, and six for the evening. If one adds to this wealth of melodic expression the vast complexity of different rhythms, the possibilities of this musical language become inexhaustible. This music is a vital part of the culture as well as the every day life of India.

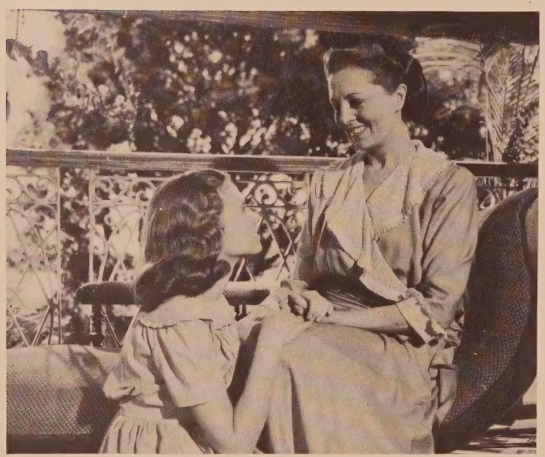
In the musical tapestry which forms the background for "The River" are the wistful songs of the fishermen as they mend their nets, of the river oarsmen as they row their large country boats with a standing, swinging movement, of the conch shells which announce the call to worship, the haunting melody of the fife player in the tea shop, the sound of a veena coming through the open window of an Indian home, the drum beats from the Kali Puja, the women's voices blending in the songs of the Diwali Festival, the haunting strains of the cobra man's pipe in the market place, the gay kite song and the sad strains of the sitar—all these and many more are the symphony of a people and a way of life.

MEMORABLE MOMENTS



"On the darkest night of October, millions of lights burn all over India. They are lit in memory of a great war—the old eternal war between good and evil. For each life given in the war, a light is lit."

"I thought you disliked me—do you?"
"It is not you I dislike—it is myself."



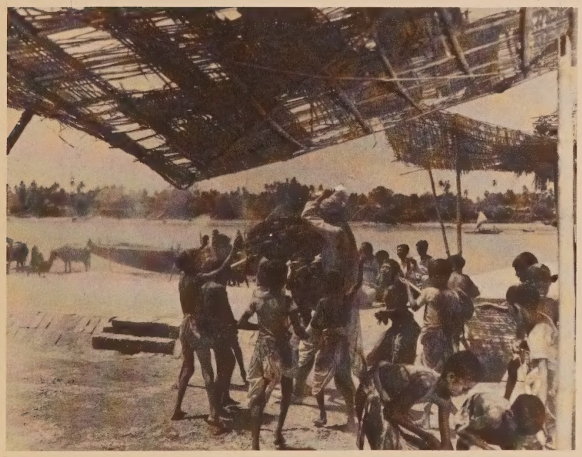
"Did Cleopatra have a baby?"
"I'm sure she did—dozens!"

That's funny—usually I hate men."
"You should be very careful, Valerie."
Why?"
"Because you're a little beautiful."

FROM THE RIVER

"The great terrifying Kali held court in all her magnificence."

"When a war is ended yesterday's hero
is only a man with one leg."



"The new wind came and it was spring.
With ancient, unchanged rites
Symbolic of the temptation of man
Hindus celebrate the new season."

"Semper fidelis. And he still keeps the apple."
"What apple?"
"Oh, the same old apple—Paris's, Eve's—"
"Does it taste nice?"
"Too nice!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID PESKIN—M. H. MONTGOMERY

Kenneth McEldowney who brought "The River" to the screen.

Sometimes men are stubborn

The term "producer", in connection with motion pictures, came into being originally because he was the man who "produced" the money for making the picture, and his job, as essential as this function was, ended there. Today this title usually carries with it other responsibilities, varying with the individual and his organization, but perhaps no producer was ever called upon to both furnish the financing and still perform the myriad functions which fell to the lot of Kenneth McEldowney in making "The River".

As an "independent" producer bent on his first full length feature film he had plenty of problems, but when he was also determined that this film was to be made in India, exactly half way 'round the world from Hollywood, his problems were automatically quadrupled. But it was a dream he had had for a long time, and men are sometimes stubborn about dreams.

For the first year he labored alone. After first putting in all his own money he set about securing additional financing from private sources, so that the picture could be made the way he wanted it and with no "strings" or "compromises" attached, and succeeded by setting up a complicated and unique combine of Rupees, Pounds and Dollars.

Since his original plan was to bring to the screen for the first time a story set in the background of the "real" India he felt that this could only be done in a land so rich in color in the medium of Technicolor. This complicated matters even more because the necessary equipment was not available in any part of Asia. Although India produces more motion pictures than any other country except the United States, they are all in black and white and, for this reason, no arc lamps or even the generators with which to power them, or the hundreds of other pieces of apparatus essential to this 20th century form of story telling, had ever been used or even seen there.

Faced with the problem of shipping all of this equipment into India, Mr. McEldowney became involved with import licenses, customs duties, banking and government permits which were trail blazing in their execution, as this was and still is the first and only Technicolor picture ever to be made in its entirety in India. Thus there were no precedents to guide him nor were there regulations to guide the many Indian officials whose authority had to be obtained. The Government of the Republic of India welcomed him and the project, because it would not only bring them greatly needed dollar income, revenue in the form of taxes, training for their technicians in American movie-making methods but would also bring to India modern equipment which they could not permit Indian producers to purchase because of the scarcity of dollars, equipment which would thus later become available to their own producers. Most importantly they felt that this particular film would give people of other lands a true picture of a part of India about which so many knew so little.

There still remained the problem of

Production designer Gene Lourie consults on a set problem with Director Jean Renoir.

Lights required for night shooting drew hundreds of spectators from the surrounding villages.

about Dreams

creating ways and means to solve the practical questions. These aspects of the undertaking involved two years of Mr. McEldowney's time in which he made four trips around the world before a camera turned!

Once the shooting was ready to begin, the transportation, housing and health of the 28 American, British and French personnel became another of his concerns. In addition to these, at some times over 3000 Indian people were employed, in the cast and as part of the crew, and merely feeding them was a project in itself. In problems of location sites, construction of sets and a studio for interior shots, emergencies of weather, tricky tides on the river, sound recording difficulties, maintenance and overall execution of the large number of scenes required, Mr. McEldowney had the able assistance of not only Director Jean Renoir, but the entire crew, with Production Designer Eugene Lourie and Chief of Cinematography, Claude Renoir, deserving of especial mention for their ingenuity and sincerity of purpose.

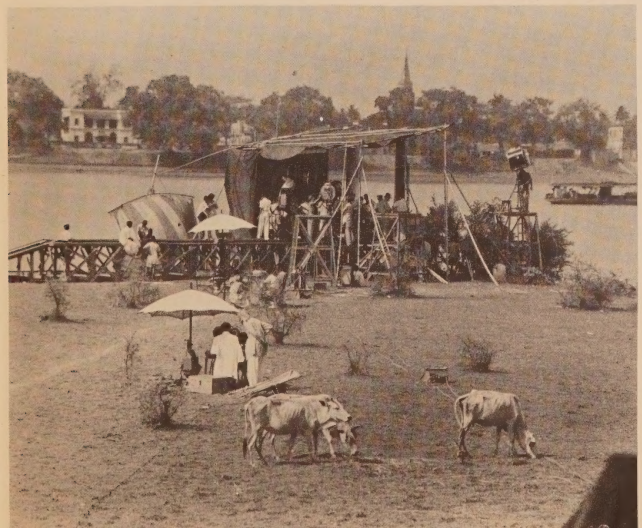
Beginning with Director Renoir in charge of the overall concept of the translation of Rumer Godden's highly esteemed novel to the screen, then with Miss Godden herself on hand not only to consult on the script during shooting of each scene, but to lend her technical advice as well, Mr. McEldowney gathered around him many other experts to form an ideal working combine for creating motion picture art of the highest type. He and Mr. Renoir worked together on this film with very much the same relationship that exists between an author and his publisher, and the fact that they have, through working closely on all details, both artistic and practical, succeeded in bringing to the public a milestone in motion picture history, is a tribute to this system.

Something of the excitement and beauty, of the braveness and uniqueness of what went on behind the scenes of this undertaking has transposed itself to the screen, and we believe that audiences throughout the world will feel this when they see the final result.

Kenneth McEldowney and wife Melvina take a lesson in twine spinning from a village fisherman.

Nora Swinburne between two of the buffalo who played supporting roles in the bazaar scenes.

Sacred cows made themselves at home on one of the sets on the banks of the Hooghly River.



Radha often took Tom Breen and Adrienne Corri on sightseeing trips when they were not before the cameras.

THE Players

NORA SWINBURNE and *ESMOND KNIGHT,* who play the father and mother in their first screen appearance together in "The River," are married in real life. Miss Swinburne who will be remembered best perhaps as The Colonel's Lady in "Quartet," has appeared in many stage and screen plays, most recently "My Daughter Joy" and "Quo Vadis." Esmond Knight is a veteran also of the British stage and screen, his best known recent picture appearances being in "Hamlet," "Red Shoes," "Black Narcissus." The children who play their screen family are all children of English families living in Calcutta and it is the first appearance before the cameras for all of them. Richard Foster, who plays Bogey, is Rumer Godden's nephew. The others are Celia Wood, Jane and Jennifer Harris, Penelope Wilkinson and Patricia Walters. They all loved "acting" and cried when the shooting was ended.

THOMAS E. BREEN plays his most important role to date as Capt. John, although he has appeared in small parts in several pictures since his release from the U. S. Marine Corps. During the war he distinguished himself in service in the Pacific and was wounded on Guam. He is also a writer of both songs and screen plays and aspires to be a director himself some day. His other films were "Homecoming," "B.F.'s Daughter," "Luxury Liner" and "Battleground."

ARTHUR SHIELDS was first brought to Hollywood from Ireland by John Ford to play a leading role in "The Plough and the Stars," and since that time he has contributed many outstanding characterizations to pictures. He began as a producer, director and actor with the Abbey Theater in Dublin, his birthplace, and was for 25 years an important cog in that world famous theatrical group. Other recent screen appearances have been in "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," "Fighting Father Dunne," "Tap Roots," and "My Own True Love."

SUPROVA MUKERJEE, who plays the role of Nan, is a true daughter of Bengal where she was born, and has spent her entire life there. She attended Diocesan Collegiate School and received a B.A. degree from Calcutta University. She has been in Indian films for over ten years, her first being the leading role of Binodini in Tagore's picture "Chokerbali." Other outstanding pictures in which Miss Mukerjee has appeared are "Ali Baba," "Bradisruti" and "Bhulinai."

In private life she is Mrs. S. N. Bose and the mother of a 15-year-old son.

AND ... *Introducing*

Fourteen-year-old *PATRICIA WALTERS,* who plays Harriet, stands on the threshold of fame and fortune because she persuaded her mother to let her answer an advertisement in the Calcutta Statesman for "'teen-age girls interested in appearing in a motion picture to be made in India." Patricia won out over the many other applicants and thus began a new life for her. She was born in Calcutta of English parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Walters, and lived there all her life. She was educated in English schools there but had never done any acting. She is now in school in Australia but is anxious to visit the United States and says that all she wants to do the rest of her life is just "act, act, act!"

RADHA, who appears before the motion picture cameras for the first time to play the role of Melanie, in "The River," is a Brahmin, which is the highest Hindu caste, and comes from Madras. In addition to her beauty and "natural" talent as an actress, she is considered to be one of the outstanding dancers in India today. She was brought to the picture by Mr. Renoir who met her through a friend of his, Mr. Raymond Burnier, who was living in Benaras where Radha was studying at the Hindu University. Radha paid her first visit to the United States after the completion of the picture, and she and Mr. Burnier were married in Hollywood. They will make their home in Benaras where Radha will continue her work of translating ancient books in Sanskrit in connection with preparation for writing a book on Indian dancing. She would like, however, to make another picture, "if the right one comes along."

ADRIENNE CORRI, who plays Valerie, made up her mind at an early age that she was going to be an actress and when she was only 13 wangled herself an audition at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. As a result she became their youngest student. After leaving the Academy she played several roles on radio, television and on the English stage, among these Alice, in "Alice in Wonderland" at the Kew Gardens Theatre, at the St. James in "Happy With Either," at the Savoy in "The Human Touch," and at the St. Martin's Theater in "Summer Day's Dream." "The River" marks her first appearance before the movie cameras, but her flaming red hair as well as Botticelli-like beauty marks her as a natural for Technicolor pictures.

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, Adrienne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Riccoboni, her mother being Scottish and her father Italian, descended from a long line famous in theatrical history. Although none of her immediate family is in the theater, Adrienne shows every promise of carrying on the Riccoboni tradition with full justice.

A WAY OF Life

as told by HARRIET

Once upon a time... in a small village...
A young wife went with her mother to the river to ask for the blessing of a child.
They offered prayers and flowers.
After the right number of months they had a little girl.
They were disappointed because she was not a boy.
But she was indeed a lovely child and she was very well looked after.
They had to work harder and harder every day to get a dowry for the baby.
Every day she grew bigger and bigger and soon she began to help her parents.
She also had her river, and like the river, her life flowed on and on until she was a grown up person.
She was not only beautiful on the outside, but on the inside as well.
One day near an old temple, she saw a young man.
He was so beautiful she thought he was the Lord Krishna come down to earth.
Then her father told ther she must marry a man of his choice.
That's the ancient custom.
She was terribly unhappy because she could not help remembering the young man she had seen at the temple.
But an Indian girl never disobeys her father, so she made herself ready for the wedding and worked hard to make it really beautiful.
The ground was painted with rice flower and water, the house was decorated.
The guests came... the bridegroom arrived...
The bride's mother welcomed him...
The bride was carried around the bridegroom seven times to tie the knot for life.

He was hidden by a veil...then the veil was lifted...
And when she removed the mangoe leaves covering her eyes she saw his face.
Lo and behold, he was the young man she loved.
He was transformed into the Lord Krishna,
She was transformed into the Lady Radha,
The real Radha who lived thousands and thousands of years ago was also a country girl.
The love of a God made her a Goddess.
She danced to express her love for him.

With her hands and her eyes she says to him,
Oh Krishna, you are as beautiful as a monsoon cloud,
Your eyes are like the lotus in bloom, Oh Krishna,
I want to be always in your presence, Oh Krishna.

Then the Lord Krishna again became the bridegroom,
and Rahda, again became the village bride.
And the young wife went with her mother to the river to ask for the blessing of a child.

THE CAST

Nora Swinburne	*the Mother*
Esmond Knight	*the Father*
Arthur Shields	*Mr. John*
Thomas E. Breen	*Capt. John*
Suprova Mukerjee	*Nan*
Patricia Walters	*Harriet*
Radha	*Melanie*
Adrienne Corri	*Valerie*
Richard Foster	*Bogey*
Penelope Wilkinson	*Elizabeth*
Jane Harris	*Muffie*
Jennifer Harris	*Mouse*
Celia Wood	*Victoria*
Sajjan Singh	*Ram Singh*
Nimai Barik	*Kanu*
Trilak Jetley	*Anil*

THE CREDITS

Production Designer	*Eugene Lourie*
Set Designer	*Bansi Chandragupta*
Director of Photography	*Claude Renoir*
Camera Operator	*Ramananda Sen Gupta*
Film Editor	*George Gale*
Music and Technical Advisor	*M. A. Partha Sarathy*
Sound Engineers	*Charles Poulton* *Charles Knott*
Assistant Directors	*Harishadhau J. Das Gupta* *Sukhamoy Sen* *Bansi Ashe*
Production Manager	*Kalyan Gupta*
Assistant to Mr. Renoir	*Forrest Judd*
Narration by	*June Hillman*

All music recorded in India. Composed and played by Indian musicians.

Drawings by Bansi Chandragupta • *Book designed by* Everett Walsh

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'THE RIVER' FIRST AWARD
VENICE INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL—1951

"A masterpiece . . . incomparably beautiful... profoundly true. A vast broad canvas of great poetry! Casting is flawless. Truly memorable! Another great has been added to motion picture history!"
—Archer Winsten, N. Y. Post

"Beautiful beyond words! Jean Renoir has filmed a haunting reverie! Dazzling brilliance... great pictorial richness!"
—Bosley Crowther, N. Y. Times

"A rare and enchanting film! Brilliant... abounding in visual pleasures! Presented most vividly and sensitively."
—Otis L. Guernsey, Herald Tribune

"Outstanding! An enchanting film! Beautiful... filled with color, richness, lush beauty and mystery! Delightful humor... heart-warming... endearing as well as fascinating. Outstanding contribution to this year's world-wide film product."★★★★
—Kate Cameron, Daily News

"An enchanting picture! Extraordinarily beautiful... impression of exquisite paintings come to life! At all times engrossing! An outstanding job!"
—Rose Pelswick, Journal American

" 'The River' readily rates with the top-flight films of this or any recent year... A visually lovely and emotionaliy affecting film..." *—Newsweek*

"A thoroughly unconventional movie — and a very good one." *—Time*

"A lovely and memorable motion picture. Bright with Technicolor... vivid and dramatic story. A visual and poetic symphony of color, mood and music. No film yet has presented so enthralling a picture to the accompaniment of native dancing and fascinating ritual music."
—Cue

"Will long remain a classic of the screen. Hauntingly beautiful... in the best Technicolor seen to date. Proves the motion picture is one of the greatest poetical tools man has ever invented."
—National Board of Review

"Beauty and enchantment, poetry and magic! Possesses that lyrical, sweet and sad quality of looking back. Happily, 'The River' is a leisurely and serene movie. Achieves height and stature by its artistic purity and by its faithfulness!"
—Seymour Peck, Daily Compass

"I think the Jean Renoir film 'The River' is one of the most beautiful and satisfying motion pictures ever made. I enjoyed every moment of it and I believe all people of sensitivity will find it enchanting. Tops in town." *—Dorothy Kilgallen, N. Y. Journal-American*

"Jean Renoir's 'The River' is one of the most beautiful and enchanting films ever shown on New York's screens."
—Leonard Lyons, New York Post

"A memorable film ... records every throb of a profound emotional experience. A simple tale beautifully told."
—Walter Winchell

"An astonishing movie ... the best of pictures for beauty, sensitivity of story, and something we are all searching: escape. Don't fail to see it when it reaches your town."
—Alice Hughes, King Features

"An incredibly handsome film. Jean Renoir has done an amazing job... flowing, poetic cinema."
—Esquire

"A new Renoir masterpiece. 'The River' constantly delights the eye, the mind and the senses."
—Saturday Review of Literature

"This Technicolor classic has been tapped for honors in the Venice International Film Festival... The first night audience exited from the theatre visibly awed by what they had seen."
—Frank Farrell, N. Y. World-Telegram

"...A truly inspiring picture. Until television can bring us entertainment to match, the movies — if they're like "The River — will continue to win our vote and support."
—Louis Sobol, N. Y. Journal-American

" 'The River'... one of the richest, most opulent films ever screened when it comes to colorful scenery and background."
—Danton Walker, Daily News

" 'The River' is a masterpiece." *—Vogue*

"Subtle, exciting, enlightening drama." *—New Yorker*

THE RIVER SONG

SRIKANTA

Oh—behold there the golden sand bank
At the bend of the river—
Where in the light of the day
Parrots make their dwellings.

The waves start dancing with ebb and flow
In dusk and dawn—
No one knows what feeling of dejection
It arouses in one's soul.

In which dusk arranging a fair of sorrow
And for whom
I launch the raft of all my losses
At the river bosom.

Translated from the Original Bengali—*By B. Pakrasi*